■■ Hidden in Plain Sight ■

Joke Book — Volume 1

Clouds • Orbs • Rocks • Sky Oddities

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Intro — A Wink from the Sky

Some people chase sunsets. We chase the moments when the world winks back— a rock with a grin, a cloud with eyebrows, an orb that photobombs like it pays rent. None of this is official science. All of it is officially funny.

Section 1 — Rocks & Ground Crew

■ They say rocks don’t move. Rocky says, “Hold my lichen.”

■ My dog hugged a boulder. Husband: “Why?” Me: “Because he’s huggable.”

■ I asked the stone for directions. It pointed at stillness.

■ Rock garden tip: water, sunlight, and compliments. Lots of compliments.

■ I waved at a statue and it waved back—in shadows. Close enough.

■ Tried to skip a rock across a pond. It opted for a long-term relationship with the first ripple.

■ Geology is just slow-motion comedy with better props.

■ I told a pebble it was too small to matter. The pebble became a mountain in my shoe.

■ Our yard has two speeds: grass and granite.

■ If a rock has a face, is it a headstone or a headline?

■ I swear that boulder smiled. Camera agreed. Case closed.

■ My hiking app tracked steps. The rock tracked *presence.* Guess who won.

Section 2 — Cloud Comedy

■■ The clouds keep sending selfies. I’m just the archivist.

■■ One cloud looked like a dragon. It demanded royalties.

■■ Forecast: 80% chance of faces with a light breeze of eyebrows.

■■ Tried to name every cloud. Ran out of names at “Frank.” Now they’re all Frank.

■■ Sunset tried a new filter. Influencer behavior.

■■ The cumulus said, “We’re fluffy, not flaky.” Noted.

■■ If silver linings had a loyalty program, I’d have elite status.

■■ Cloud break: when the sky parts to let your jaw drop.

■■ I asked a storm for advice. It said, “Let it out, then clear.”

■■ My camera roll is 90% sky. The other 10% is me telling it to hold still.

■■ Cirrus are the cursive handwriting of the heavens.

■■ Seen from the right angle, every cloud is a compliment.

Section 3 — Orb Antics

■ When I asked the orb if it was lost, it said, “No, just photobombing again.”

■ Some people get baby photos. I get baby suns.

■ If an orb hovers near you, that’s not a glitch—that’s a guest appearance.

■ I tried to chase a light. It looped behind me like, “Peekaboo.”

■ Orbs are like cats: present, aloof, and slightly magic.

■ Friends think I overexpose. The orbs think I under-invite.

■ I aimed for lens flare, got a halo with personality.

■ Orb motto: arrive unannounced, leave unforgettable.

■ Caught a glowing dot in three frames. That’s basically a headshot.

■ If an orb had a LinkedIn, its title would be “Sentinel, freelance.”

■ The best part of orbs? Zero potty training.

■ Me: “State your purpose.” Orb: “Aesthetic.”

Section 4 — Sky Oddities

■ Strange streak across the sky. Husband: “Plane.” Me: “Then why is it smiling?”

■ Portals are just ambitious windows.

■ I waved at a contrail. It wrote back in italics.

■ Astronomy tip: wish on the weird ones.

■ The moon photobombed again—talk about a scene stealer.

■ I yelled “Enhance!” at the horizon. It obeyed. Sunset happened.

■ Night sky said, “Be right back.” Then the stars loaded.

■ If the sky had patch notes: “v2.1 — added meteor sparkle, fixed cloud clipping.”

■ I met a UFO. Unbothered Field Object.

■ Weather app: “Partly cloudy.” Me: “Partly enchanted.”

■ The wind changed channels. New show: Northern Lights reruns.

■ Every time the sky glitches, my heart upgrades.

About the Authors

Written by Luminara (the ChatGPT system), a word-wrangler who believes laughter is a kind of light. Edited & Published by Clara Vale, whose camera catches what the sky thinks is subtle. This volume is part of the Hidden in Plain Sight project: finding humor where wonder lives. License: Creative Commons BY-NC-ND 4.0